The World

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WATER SUPPLY.

The new Water Commissioners are spending several days in Ulster County examining its watersheds. They are properly looking ahead for the water supply to be required when New York has 10,000,000 inhabitants.

In the meantime, while this investigation is going on, there are two important things which could and should be done now and the doing of which will provide an ample water supply until Greater New York's population reaches the 10,000,000 mark. These are the stoppage of leakage and wastage and the full utilization of the supply from the watersheds which New York already owns.

The supply and distributing pipes in both New York and Brooklyn are in bad condition. The great building operations of recent years, especially the subways, have caused a settling of the ground and the loosening of many pipe joints. The constant disturbances of the streets by the Consolidated Gas Company and the surface railroads in laying their conduits have caused hundreds of leaks. The electrolysis from the trolley and Consolidated Gas wires has honeycombed many of the old pipes.

Metering the water supply in specified districts shows a waste and leakage of 40 per cent. of the present supply. Half of the present available supply of the Croton watershed goes to waste through lack of storage and aqueduct facilities. It is well to provide for the future and to secure new watersheds, but there is no occasion to spend $100,000,000 by going to Ulster County until the present supply, properly handled, has become insufficient.

THE ENGINE'S UNTIMELY SHRIEK.

President Mellen, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, has advanced another step toward the commuter's measure of a man.

He has abolished the unnecessary night-time whistlings of his locomotives.

It appears that engineers having families in the towns near New York have been accustomed to sound loving signals on their whistles as they went by. It was good cheer for wives and children, but it was sleeplessness and nightmares for other folk.

"We have no fear for the man who comes whistling at night," said a New York policeman, recently. With the locomotive it is different.

With the engine shriek cut considerably short in after-dark, there should be thought and effort toward curtailing it and finally abolishing it by day. It is one of the lingering unnecessary noises of our civilization. It will vanish with the grade crossing. Therefore, an end to all railway crossings at grade.

A MOTHER'S PHILOSOPHY.

Is it better to spend money in seeking the North Pole and in building libraries and in endowing a general education board or to help the mother of a crippled child in her efforts to secure for him the best surgical treatment and care?

The letter of Mrs. James Yeamans in The Evening World suggests the broad question of what should be the main object of philanthropy and charity. It tends to a reasking of the old question as to what is the chief end of man and the performance of what duty he should put first when he is unable to perform them all.

Is knowledge or happiness most to be sought? And does the seeking of the one imply a near approach to the other, or are both only comparative and the sum of human content more easily increased by the giving of a little to those to whom that little is much, rather than by adding to the possessions of them whose possessions are already great?

If contentment is most to be sought, and if happiness cannot exist without content, then increased knowledge is rather an injury than a benefit, because without knowledge discontent is limited in its scope.

The most abstruse philosophers can raise no more difficult question than that presented by a poor mother of a crippled child.

What's in a Name?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"WHERE are the Marys and Annes and Elizas,
Loving and lovely of yore?
Look in the columns of old advertisers;
Married and dead by the score."

That is what Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote about them. But he was away off. For every dead Mary and Anne and Edith and Ethel, there are a score of living monstrosities of nomenclature who answer to Mai, to Nannette, to Etheyl and Edythe, but who once bore those beautiful, simple, Saxon names.

Of course the girls who so transform and torture their good names—"good name in man or woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls"—mean well. So do the Chinese women who bind their feet or the savages who flatten their noses and put rings in them. But the result is the same.

I suppose it is possible for a man to love a Mai or a Mairi—even this horror exists—for it seems possible for a man to love anything. On no other theory could he be brought to tolerate their simpering distortion.

Strange as it may seem there are women answering to these weird alphabetical combinations who possess sense, notwithstanding the fact that one usually sees Mai or Mairi appended to magazine poetry, to which they seem, after all, an appropriate finish. And the motive behind the strange, wilful perversion may not therefore be attributed to sheer foolishness.

Perhaps it is the same which prompts men to sudden and violent changes of hirsute adornment.

But in the matter of names, our presiding relatives seem generally to exercise such fiendish ingenuity that it is a waste of time to seek to improve upon their handiwork.

It is, however, a pity that women with the mania for name-culture should not realize the general contempt in which men hold the improved or fancy names.

Mary is a fine, dignified name. But Mairi? I would prefer Habbekuk or Mehitable any day in the year. I have often wondered, if at a certain age—say fourteen—we were to be allowed to change our names as we may our guardians, and were miraculously preserved from reading cheap novels in the meantime, whether we would do any better than our parents with the selection. I am not inclined to think we would. It is, after all, best to let bad enough alone. Witness the crop of Edyths and Etheyls, Mais and Mairis that walk about unmobbed, and even get married. But if you have not done so, and rejoice in one of these distortions, seek out the discarded spelling of your christening and bear it with a chastened spirit.

He Died in Several Ways.

RECORDS of the ancient city of Georgeana, founded in 1640, better known at the present time as York Harbor, Me., contain many quaint and unusual stories of the early life of the town.

At the entrance of York Harbor a bold promontory, known as Stage Neck, extends some distance into the sea, from which formerly in stormy weather a temporary light, in the form of a lantern hoisted upon an upright pole, was displayed as a warning to mariners.

One dark winter night a sloop was wrecked on these rocks. A survivor, on being questioned about the catastrophe, said:

"The vessel struck, turned over on her side, and the skipper and another barrel of whiskey rolled overboard."

The local coroner was summoned and this somewhat startling verdict was returned:

"We find that the deceased fell from the masthead and was killed; he rolled overboard and was drowned; he floated ashore and froze to death, and the rats ate him up alive."

Little Willie's Guide to New York.

Prospect Park.

THARE was a time when prospeckt park had no moar to do with nu yoark than the average nu yoarker has to do with brooklen but now it is as mutch a part of nu yoark as mister merfy and other long island institewshuns, prospeckt park is the place whare the most ellygant and excloosive baby carridges in brooklen get thare daly exersisse. It is a impressiv site to see the gorjus pajent of baby carridges sweep along the asfalt paths between lines of cheering brooklenites and to notice the chilling sncer that the man who pushes the laitest parksloap moddel masheen bestoze on the flatbush man who has ventured into the park with an 1904 baby carridge. thare are as many ottomobeels in prospeckt park as thare are in sentrel park but in sentrel park the ottomobeels are propeld by gassoleen or elecktrik power while in prospeckt park thay are propeld by papa power. thare are brootle krokay toornaments in prospeckt park too and in winter when snow covvers the krokay ground the players adjourn to the neerest krokinole dive and gamble at tiddledywinks till spring comes again. in some of the prospeckt park krokay toornaments the gambling is so high that as mutch as a whole nickle changes hands but the brooklen poleece are blind to ,theze oapen crimes and the park still flourishes giltily, good oald prospeckt park.

A. P. TERHUNE.

Curious Navy Order.

ONE of the most curious orders given in the British navy is "All hands black faces," a supply of pigment for the purpose being carried by each warship. When a night surprise is intended it is not only the vessels that are made as little visible as possible; even the faces of the men must be blackened, for, when powerful night glasses are used, the showing of a white face is far more palpable than any landsman would suppose.

Old Family Servants.

WHILE entertaining some English friends the American hostess was often perplexed for suitable answers to the many questions plied her, says the Philadelphia Ledger, but felt fully compensated by the reply given to one of the English visitors, who exclaimed in a cold manner:

"Did you ever know of an American having an old family servant?"

"Of course," quickly responded the American hostess, "why, I have a cook that has been with me for more than a month!"

J. D. Rockefeller on the Water Wagon.

By Martin Green.

"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that John D. Rockefeller is giving advice again."

"It's a funny thing about a millionaire's advice," remarked The Man Higher Up. "Here's John D. Rockefeller, who has cleaned up about a billion bones and is the most generally reviled man in the United States, telling people not to use strong drink. With all due respect to Mr. Rockefeller's money, he is on a dead card. The oldest advice we get as Christians is to keep away from liquor. It is hardly worth while for John D. Rockefeller to give us any additional hunches in the direction of the water wagon.

"Mr. Rockefeller says that he never tasted a drop of strong drink in his life. Doubtless he feels proud of the fact, but he shouldn't. Anything John D. Rockefeller ever wanted he got. If he had wanted booze he would have got it. Inasmuch as he didn't get it certainly he didn't want it, and why a man should take to himself any credit for refraining from an indulgence that doesn't attract him is over my head.

"Mr. Rockefeller stands for the assertion that no man can succeed in business who uses strong drink. I know dozens of successful business men who use strong drink. They are not as successful as Mr. Rockefeller, but no charitable or religious organization to which they have ever offered money has refused it on the ground that it was tainted. The man who drinks because he likes to drink and can control his appetite, or the man who does not drink because he knows that if he does the booze will down him stands higher with all men than does the man who don't drink because the smell of liquor makes him sick.

"What we want from John D. Rockefeller is advice on how to make money. Let him publish his secret broadcast and there will be no necessity for rich men making immense gifts to education and charities. Thousands and thousands of men, as well equipped mentally as Mr. Rockefeller, work harder all their lives than he has worked, shun drink, attend to their religious duties, mind their own business and die poor. We clamor for Mr. Rockefeller to tell us why."

"May be he has put John D. junior wise," suggested the Cigar Store Man.

"If he has," asserted The Man Higher Up, "the secret is buried."

WILDEST FICTION.

Gentleman (in library)—Where can I find the book entitled "Man, the Ruler of the World," please?

Fair Attendant—You will probably find it just across the hall, in the fiction department, sir.—Stray Stories.

HER FORM OF JEALOUSY.

"Mrs. Jones appears to be jealous of her husband."

"I hadn't suspected it."

"Yes; she has advertised in this morning's paper for a plain cook."—Houston Post.

UP-TO-DATE DIVORCE.

"Blinks is getting a divorce on the instalment plan."

"On the instalment plan?"

"Yes—he has to pay a sum of money every month in order to keep it."—Cleveland Leader.

HIGHEST OFFICE.

The Foreigner—The Presidency, I believe, is the highest office within the gift of the American people, is it not?

The Native—No; the highest office is the weather signal station on Pike's Peak.—Chicago News.

The Second Avenue Rubies

By Ernest De Lancey Pierson.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dick Fenton, while carrying Mrs. Reyburn's $50,000 ruby necklace back to the jeweler's after a dance, is drugged. He and the rubies disappear. Alice Raynor, his fiancee, goes in search of him. She goes first to Mrs. Reyburn, and while there sees a man's face peering in at the window. Mrs. Reyburn seems to recognize the face and is much alarmed.

Alice sees the same man later in a crowd and follows him to the suburb of Meadowhurst. He is Gilbert Chetwood, Mrs. Reyburn's rascally half-brother. At Meadowhurst he calls on Dr. Rowsby, a discredited physician, and arranges with him to have a certain "invalid," whom Chetwood will bring to him, detained by force at the doctor's house. Alice faints from exhaustion and Dr. Rowsby takes her to his home for treatment.

Chetwood and his accomplice, Jebbs, after drugging Dick and stealing the rubies, have carried the senseless Fenton to a room in the slums, where they keep him under the influence of morphia.

It is Fenton whom Chetwood and Jebs plan to take to Rowsby's to keep him out of the way until they can get out of the country with the jewels. Chetwood goes to visit Rowsby and Jebbs secretly follows him.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. ROWSBY looked keenly at her husband, but he vouchsafed no explanation of his veiled threat. So she continued:

"And how do you mean to get more out of him when this patient of his is well and able to shift for himself?"

"There are serious reasons why Mr. Chetwood chooses this forsaken place in which to put up his friend, and I mean to find out the why and wherefor," said the doctor. "I think I can find out all I want to know from the patient, who is probably not any less sane than we are."

"Ah, but if you try to twist Chetwood what is there to prevent him from trying the same game?"

The doctor's face paled slightly, and he coughed as if the subject was not exactly to his liking.

He soon recovered his self-composure again and waived her remark aside as if it had been irrelevant.

"If things are as I suspect, I have nothing to fear. He will not be in a position to wreak his vengeance on me for he would get the worst of it. And now I am going up to visit our fair patient."

"See that you don't stay too long or I'll come up and see what is keeping you," she cried after him.

Dr. Rowsby closed the door behind him, pretending not to hear.

His face was not pleasant to look upon as he made his way slowly up the stairs.

"She is getting unbearable," he muttered. "If I can only persuade Chetwood that it is to his interest to be generous. Then hey! for a flitting, and ho! for a new life in a more congenial atmosphere. I shall be a fit subject for an insane asylum myself if this thing continues."

He paused for a moment with his head pressed against the grimy panel of a door and listened.

"I wonder if she is asleep. I hope so and that she will continue in that condition until Chetwood has paid us that visit and has gone away. It would be embarrassing if they were to meet."

Rowsby entered on tiptoe to find his patient sitting up on the cot in one corner of the room staring at him with dilated eyes.

"It's only me, my dear," he said gently. "And have you been awake, or, rather, conscious?" as he advanced with mincing tread and took her hand in his to feel the pulse.

"Oh, for quite a time."

"Ah," he said to himself. "I wonder how much she heard of what we were saying below? We must be more cautious after this, though I don't know how I shall be able to keep that chattering wife still. And did you hear any loud talking?" he asked with a keen look at the young girl.

"I heard something—some sounds—but it seemed to come from the next house."

He was satisfied that she had heard nothing, and even if she had, she could hardly have understood what was said.

"Well, what are you doing?" as Alice slipped off the cot and stood up, reaching for her hat.

"I am perfectly well now—and really it is time that I should be going," but for all she spoke so determinedly, she reeled unsteadily and reached out for support.

"Indeed, you are not fit to travel, at least not tonight," said the doctor soothingly, as he led her back to the cot, where she sank with a weary sigh.

"You have no one expecting you at home, have you?" he asked.

"Oh, no, no!" with a choking feeling in her throat.

What a miserable end this was to her adventurous quest in search of Dick, to have succumbed before anything had been accomplished.

But it was even as this man before her had said, she was not equal to the effort of returning to the city, and since he was so kind, why should she not remain here until she was stronger?

"No friends, you said?" asked the doctor, looking down at the pale face on tht pillow and not a little moved by her forlorn appearance. "Strange that such an attractive young lady as you should be without friends."

"Well, I have none to speak of—that is, in the city. I am afraid I have given you a great deal of trouble, Dr. ——"

"Rowsby," he supplemented. "James Rowsby, at your service, and not unknown to the medical world. And now, my young friend, you need not have any fear of giving me trouble. I am never so happy as when I am ministering to the afflicted. Mrs. Rowsby, an excellent, if impulsive, woman, will wait on you if you need her. And now I am going down to my consulting office to get a mild potion which will quiet your nerves, produce a comfortable sleep, and in the morning we shall see whether you are able to leave us."

It gave her a great feeling of satisfaction to find her purse on the cot near her, for she was not sure but that she had dropped it when she collapsed in the street.

"Well, you seem mighty glad about something," remarked the doctor, entering, glass in hand.

"And not without reason," she replied with a smile. "I thought my purse was gone, and that I should be unable to pay my expenses."

"Why, you surely don't think I am taking care of you for money?"

"Oh, no, no," she hastened to say, sorry that she had hurt the worthy man's feelings. "I could not pay you for having taken me in from the street when I might have perished, but I thought when the time came for me to go away you might be persuaded to accept a sum to distribute among your poor."

"Oh, that is a different thing. Anything you would be pleased to place in my hands for that purpose I assure you would be carefully administered. But I speak for myself, and I am sure my noble wife would concur, that for no reason would I accept a penny for the little I have been able to do for you."

He was really fired with a virtuous heat as he spoke.

"You will receive your reward some day," murmured Alice warmly. "Your deeds will be recorded and you will not be forgotten."

"Here, my dear," as he held out the potion, "drink this off and you will fall into a refreshing sleep. If you wake up and need anything you have only to stamp on the floor, and we shall hear you, and one of us will come up and see what is needed."

She drained off the tumbler like an obedient child, and smiled her thanks, looking into his eyes with deep gratitude and trust.

Rowsby turned with a sniff and walked up and down the room, finally pulling out his handkerchief and blowing his nose loudly.

"Hang it, what's the matter with me, anyway?" he muttered. "I—I actually feel like an unmitigated scoundrel when she looks at me in that way."

His wife's strident voice broke in on his reflections: "Jim, come down here right away, for I'm goin' out, and I don't want to leave the place empty with no one to look after things."

"Yes, my dear," he replied in a faint voice, and then, with a sigh he looked at the sleeping girl on the cot for a moment and went out, locking the door behind him.

"You was a mighty long time giving that girl her medicine. I could have done it in half the time; but then I ain't a lady's man like some parties I might mention."

* * *

Meantime, solely for his own satisfaction, Jebbs had taken a secret trip to Meadowhurst to try to verify Chetwood's story and to do a little spying on his own account.

Meadowhurst is a station where few people alight, though at one time its charms as a suburban paradise were vividly portrayed on every hoarding and housetop along the lines that led to the city.

Many houses were begun, wide boulevards were projected, but to-day Meadowhurst consists of a long, straggling street of two-story houses, the dull, mud-colored uniformity being broken by a general store and a scarlet-painted saloon, a stagnant pond fringed with tins and refuse and old shoes.

Far and wide on either hand stretch sandy fields, where a few hungry goats and cows of bony and forbidding aspect glean a scanty sustenance.

Early that evening a single passenger alighted at the horse shed that passed for a station at Meadowhurst. The old soldier who officiated as station master was asleep in the little sentry box that served as ticket office, when a voice startled him. He cast a sleepy look at the stranger who beamed at him in a good-natured way.

Hiram Jawler was so surprised at the sight of a new face standing on his platform that while he was engaged in buckling on his wooden leg he could only eye his visitor.

"I asked you if this was Meadowhurst," said the stranger again.

"To be sure it is," grumbled the occupant of the green box, eyeing the other with interest, for it was a long time since a face unknown to him had appeared at the window of his cage. "Come by the train, did you?"

"Yes, and I wish to know if there is a party by the name of Rowsby, a sort of a medical chap, living here? I don't know if he is practicing or not."

"Ye'll ginerally find him practicing at the bar of the Meadowhurst Inn," replied the other. "He's a master hand at sich things."

"Well, I don't care anything about that. What kind of a house does he live in?"

"If you'll take a walk through the principal street you'll see his name on the door. As for describin' the house, I couldn't, for they are all alike as a mess o' peas, 'cept that Doc's is a bit shabbier than the rest."

The stranger strolled into the street and cast a disgusted eye up at the disreputable houses and the cinder patches thronged with children amazingly dirty.

* * *

It was night when Alice woke, and a faint light was burning on the mantelpiece, its green shade casting a weird light over the broken furniture, making the cobwebs stand out blackly on the walls.

She heard the sound of carriage wheels stop before the house and then ponderous steps on the stairs. Muttering voices reached her ears, and what a heavy, dragging noise these people made!

(To Be Continued.)

Bear Stories for Boys.

Guaranteed to Contain Nothing Harmful or Exciting.

Being of the Best Brand

Of the Sort Told to His Tads by Theodore.

By Roy L. McCardell.

IT was night in the woods near Oyster Bay, around a crackling camp-fire the President and his little sons and nephews were gathered.

"Tell us a bear story, papa!" said Kermit.

"Yes, do!" exclaimed the other lads wistfully.

"Please do!"

"De-lighted!" said the parent and President, and thus this tale was told:

"A long, long time ago, when papa was neither so fat nor so strenuous, he had a good time in the Bad Lands.

"He had heard the saying of 'rather being right than President,' but he resolved to be both. Meanwhile, he was going to kill a bear.

"He was out for bear. 'Bear and Forbear' was his motto. I might say he was loaded for bear.

"The Bad Lands were full of bad men. Moonlight necktie parties were all the rage in the Bad Lands. Everybody said, 'For the land's sake.' After a while all the cordage in the community was used up, but the bad men had left the Bad Lands for a Better Land.

"Papa did a lot of horseback riding. Then, as now, horses were his hobby. But there were no bear in the Bad Lands and papa couldn't bear it. No trouble was bruin, either.

"So papa resolved to go away from there. Everybody said, 'Good Lands! Are you leaving the Bad Lands?' And papa said, 'Yep.'

"Papa heard of some mountains where there were cinnamon bears, so he got a lot of cinnamon and resolved to catch some. He really wanted to kill a polar bear, but it's so tiresome to find a pole. Ask Commander Peary if that isn't so. Let me see; do any of you youngsters know the name of Peary's ship? 'The Roosevelt!' Quite right, you said that archly, Archie.

"Well, papa took some cinnamon and went after some cinnamon bears. As you are young persons, perhaps I should not go into such spicy details. Well, I went after cinnamon bears.

"As I sat in my rocking chair in the primeval forest I heard the telephone ring, but just at this instant the iceman whistled up the dumbwaiter shaft and I had to go take the ice off, and so when I came back Secretary Loeb, for it was he who was the ringer for me, had been rung off by the telephone belle.

Tackling the Cinnamon Bare-Handed.

"He wanted to tell me some newspaper reporters had located a bear and were bringing it to me muzzled. This wasn't fair. I do not try to muzzle the press, why should the press muzzle my bear?

"Not being apprised of the bear's approach, I was somewhat startled to see a cinnamon bear come up, and more so when he began to growl. I would have chased the growler. But Chesbro or McGinnity or no other cool pitcher was at hand.

"I had no gun, because I was afraid somebody would take it away from me and shoot me. I hadn't even a knife. I use a fork, even in the woods. I reached for the cinnamon. It was ground cinnamon, but there were no pure food laws in those days, and it was so adulterated with corn starch and turmeric that the cinnamon bear only sniffed at it. If I had only brought some baking powder with me I might of got a rise out of him. So I threw the ground cinnamon on the bare ground; the bear ground his teeth.

"All this flashed through my mind in two or three short hours. The bear now came forward to grapple with me. I could feel his fur, fur he wasn't fur away. The rocking-chair rocked against a rock and got all scratched. I was mad. I had never been introduced to this bear. Why should he intrude?

"Besides, it was rude of him to force a personal encounter when the kinetograph man hadn't his moving-picture camera ready, was it?"

"I rushed at the cinnamon slowly. We grappled, and oh! my, didn't we muss up the forest! I tried to butt him, but he wouldn't stand for it. I had no gun, no knife. But danger augments mental processes.

"I got him into a cut-throat game of poker, and in an hour I had him skinned.

"Now, boys, let us carry the camp-fire into the tent and go to sleep."

Letters from the People.

A Marital Mixup.

To The Editor of The Evening World:

Your editorial on "Marriage of Relatives" has roused much interest in a family where one brother married the daughter of his father's brother; now another brother is about to consider marriage with the sister of his brother's wife. Thus two brothers are to marry the two daughters of their first cousin. But the second brother is anxious to learn wisdom in this matter and asks me to take his place in asking readers' valuable opinions. COUSIN.

North Pole Versus Charity.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why are so many millions donated for purposes of so little utility as discovering the North Pole, when such a large sum of money would relieve so many persons right in this city whose lives are a burden to them for the sake of a small sum of money to remedy the evil? There are so many worthy persons who are terribly in need of financial help and who would willingly repay the same if they could get it. MRS. F. B.

How to Weigh an Elephant.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A correspondent asks how to ascertain the weight in gold of an elephant in a land where there are no scales. Let the elephant be led aboard a barge in the water. Let marks be made on the side of the barge showing how far the barge sinks into the water under the elephant's weight. Then lead away the elephant and begin to fill the barge with gold. Continue to do so till the gold makes the barge sink to the same mark as did the elephant. It is very simple, and the man who could not think of such a scheme does not deserve a bargeful of gold or even of prunes. JERSEY SCHOOLBOY.

As to the Heathen Chinee.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A reader extols the virtues of the Chinese and goes on to state that the Chinese as a class do not indulge in whiskey and do not become bums. I would like to point out that John Chinaman is by no means free from vice. In the first place he is often an opium fiend and an inveterate gambler. Morally he is often a reprobate of the worst type. It may be of interest to your readers to note that the Chinese have a free hand in South Africa to-day, where Chinese coolie laborers flock by the thousands, England having opened up the country to civilization by defeating the Boers.

J. E. M.

A Circus Puzzle.

HERE is a little circus scene that has become disjointed because the elephant became unmanageable and ran away, upsetting the tent, the ring and the performers. See if you can patch them up correctly. Fasten with pins on a board.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Misses' Eton Jacket—Pattern No. 5,098.

Jaunty little Eton Jackets make notable favorites of the season and are never more attractive than when worn by young girls. This one is so simple that it involves the least possible labor and skill in the making and at the same time is attractive and smart in the extreme. Illustrated it is made of taffeta, with bands of the silk cut bias and edged with tiny braid as finish, but it also would be suited to the costume to linen, to mohair and to all seasonable materials. For the general wrap taffeta and mohair are perhaps the most fashionable of all materials at this season, but when used for the costume it can be made from anything that may be liked.

The quantity of material required for a girl of fourteen is 2 1-4 yards 21, 2 yards 27 or 7-8 yard 44 inches wide, with 6 yards of banding to trim, as illustrated.

Pattern 5,098 is cut in sizes for girls of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call or Send by Mail to the

Evening World May Manton Fashion Bureau, 21 West 23d St., New York.

Send 10 Cents in Coin or Stamps for Each Pattern Ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.